

APPENDIX I.

THREE LEAVES OF
THE INTERLUDE OF
THE CRUELL DEBTTER.

BY
W. WAGER.

1566. 7

"Colwell Recevyd of **Thomas colwell** for his lycense for prynting
of a ballet intituled an interlude *the Cruell Dettter* by
Wager iiij^a

Such is the entry of this interlude in the later or 1566 part of the Stationers' Register A, leaf 138, Arber's *Transcript*, i. 307. The clerk had been entering licenses—among others, 2 to Colwell, for printing of "a ballett intituled" so and so; he began this "interlude" entry in the same way, and forgot to run his pen through the wrong words when he afterwards wrote the right ones.

Till lately, the only leaf known of *The Cruell Debtter* was C. iii. in Bagford's collection of title-pages and scraps, among the Harleian MSS. (Harl. 5919, leaf 18, back). The finding, by Mr Edmund W. Gosse, of two more leaves D, and ? D 4, among Mr. W. B. Scott's black-letter fragments, has induced me to put all three leaves into type; not because it is one's duty to print all known scraps of old plays, but because the memory of Wager is dear to all lovers of Ballads, from the bits sung by his fool *Moros* in his "very mery and Pythie Comedie, called *The longer thou liuest, the more foole thou art.*" (See my *Captain Cox*, p. cxxvii.) Among "the foote of many songs" sung by *Moros*, is—

"¶ Com ouer the Boorne, Besse,
My litle pretie Besse,
Com ouer the Boorne, besse, to me,"

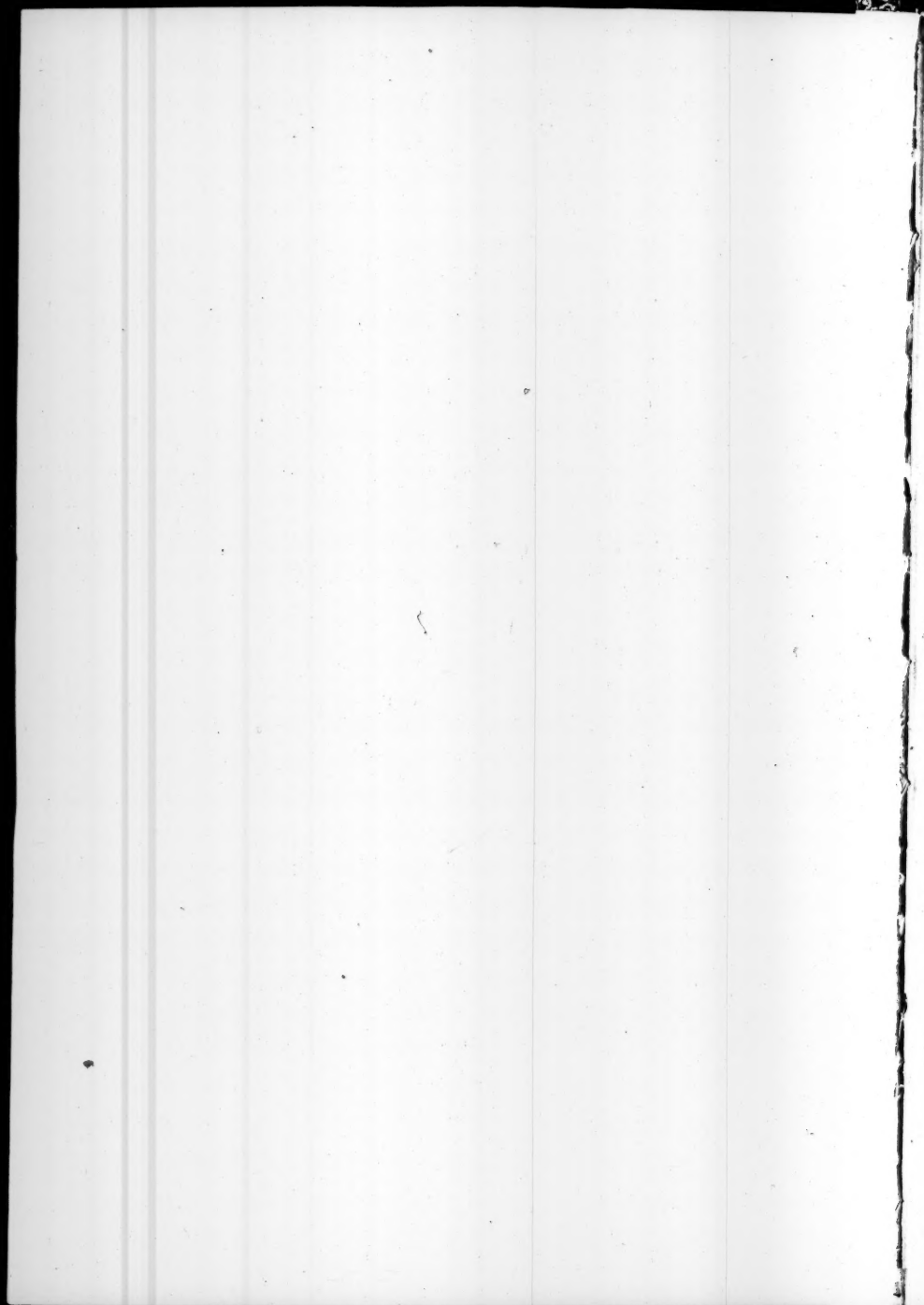
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THE ACADEMY.

AMONG the black-letter fragments of Mr. W. B. Scott, Mr. Edmund Gosse has found two more leaves of the *Cruel Detter*, by H. W. Wager, whose "Longer thou liuest" is so well known for the bits of old ballads it contains. This "ballet or interlude of the *Cruel Detter*" was licensed to Thomas Colwell in the year July 1565 to July 1566 (see Arber's *Transcript*, i., 138), and has been hitherto known only by a single leaf among old Bagford's collection of title-pages, cuts, and scraps, in the British Museum. The *Cruel Detter* is partly in seven-line stanzas, like *Calisto and Melibaea*, in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, i., 53, great part of Bale's *God's Promises*, (1538, Hazlitt, i., 285), and other plays of the time, from which Shakspeare may have taken his fashion of stanzas, alternates, couplets, four-measure, and other doggerel in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

MARCH 9, 1878.]



The cruel Debiter.

To them thou shalt be welcome I warrant thee,
And in great acceptacyō also (sayd hee.)
Now the thyng to hearfoze I was so angry & mad,
Was this, I forgate the countell that of him I had.
¶ The goodlyest thyng in the world is cōmunication flater
for what bynygeth thynges to our memoratyon,
Thou and I had lyke fortune wpyth Basilius,
After that maner to thee I wyll playnly dysculle:
I remembred a sayenge of Seneca in Tragedy,
Worthy to be pynted of such as loues flattery.

Fraus sublimi regnat in aula.

The higher that the court is & the more of nobyltye,
The more falsehed is therein, & the more Iniquitye,
None flattery is not in the worlde repynge
Then is in the court of any noble kyng.

¶ In wyche good I thought to haue my shyrtacyon,
But I came not so home wpyth Basilius palace,
But they dysclofed me openly vnto my face,
And whan they had once so betrayed my name
I myght no longer tary in that court for shame,
Then (as thou dyddest) I toke my freyndes counsell
Askyng hym to heare it was best for me to dwell
He named them of whom we haue spoke before
Sayeng, that wpyth them you may dwell uer more.
And euen now my purpose was to go thither.

¶ Of all good fellowshipp let vs go together:

Rigoz.

I do not passe in kyng Basilius house to dwell

I doubt not but that we shall do euen as well;

But syce, what diddest thou see Synimulation:

Thys day he and I had cōmunication,

flateri

comyned me straight way to come hether

our freyndes we shuld go together:

In the worlde is not so false a knaue as hee,
For by hym all states of people deceyued bee.
In Byshops and pastozs he is humyltie
And yet must be full of pye and crudeltye:
In all the Clergy he semeth to be holynes,
Whan in them is a myltitude of wyckednes.
In Magistrates he semeth to be affayblitie,
Yet theare lurketh dyfdayne and Austerytie,
In the comons he semeth to be neyghbourlynes,
Yet is theare enuye, hate, and couetousnes.
I dare say that hys decepte further doth wander
Than all the dampnyon of kynge Alexander.

Argo2. Deceyueth he so, and is neuer deceyued agayne.
Flater1. Sildome or neuer that I here of, I tel thee plaine
Argo2. By the masse it were a good dede to deceyue him
And I will tell thee which way we may do it.
Thou seest he will be here without doubt.
Flater1. That is wythout question, (truly I dare say.)

Argo2. Well, whan he cometh we wyll semble out to fall
we wil strike one at another as though we did braw
What we meane by that he wyll greatly wonder,
Than he wyll come intenyng vs to sunder:
Thou shalt stryke at me, and I at thee wyll swache
But let all the strykes lyght vpon hys backe.

Flater1. Of good fellowship let it be so, even in dede
Let the semblyng knaue haue somewhat for his mede
Wegyl. Marke, by my fayth a trouth I here hym spyt:
to fight. Nay holde thy hande, thou mayst not fyght yet.

Argo2. We must be fyghtyng when he doth enter neades
Or else for the spoyle I wyll not geue two threades.
Here enter symplatyon.

Symu. Dominus vobiscum, In principio erat verbum.
latpon. Peace be you fyghtyng. I purpose no nere.

Nemo nisi speculatus esset potest.

The cruell Debiter.

C 34. 9. 37

He that putteth hym selfe in forwarde
 Can not be sure, but putteth hym selfe in hazard.
 A horsen, by the masse it shall cost thee thy lyfe. Rigoz.
 I wyll cut thee as small as a knawe in my knyfe. flateri
 Good Lord, what meaneth these folkes to fyght? Symu-
 holde your handes maysters, I pray you no more, latpon.
 now that it is not best to approche to nere
 Lesse perchaunce we lyke some of theyr euell chere.
 I wyll teach you horsen byllapne to medle w me. Rigoz.
 Doubt thou not but euen with thee I wyll be. flateri
 Passyon of god, one of them is my cosyn flateri, Symu-
 I wyll see hym take no hurte here verely. latpon.
 for Gods sake Gentleman holde your hand, Coe.
 Thys is an honest man, you shall vnderstand. them.
 Horsen knawe, chawest thou to take hys parte? Rigoz.
 Beate Simulation.
 Thou haue broken my head (I be thew your harte) Symu-
 Art thou medling betwene vs naughty knawe? flateri
 Sumd what for thy presumption thou shalt haue.
 No more good cosyn for Gods passyon, Symu-
 No more, alas, I am your cosyn Simulation.
 For the body of god holde thy hand Rigoz, flateri
 If thou be a man of thy hand, stryke no more:
 I wene we haue hurt my cosyn by the masse,
 I had leuer the twenty pound it had not come to passe
 I can not be content till I haue a legoz an arme Rigoz.
 Here flateri muste holde Rigoz.
 but at this tyme for his sake I wil do no more harme.
 Alas sence I was borne dyd neuer me so me beate Symu-
 I fear y I shal neuer after this day more breadeate, latpon.
 My arme, my arme, now alas what shall I do:
 I wene that my back bone be broken in two.
 It is w medle betwene men in theyr fury,
 They

The Cruell rebiter.

flateri: They know not they: owne fault: why they be angry
Furor iraq; mentem precipitant.

fury and wroth(as in Thyngill I fynde)
 Do wythdraw and precipitate a mans mynde,
 In fapth colyn,if I had knowen that it had ben you
 I wolde not hane hurte you for the ppyce of a cowe
 A las good colyn,nou by my trouth I am fory,
 I promyse you colyn,you are all my ioy & glozy
 By my fapth and trouth you will not beleue
 How the sozenes of your backe doth my backe greue
 the stryppes that on your armes & shoulers did light
 I wyll them on myne owne, by god & by thys night
 A good colyn,colyn,I pray you be of good chere,
 Let me see your armes,do any of your stryppes appere.

Symu- *A* vengeance on your false subtle smylyng harte,
 layson. full like a false knave you can play your parte.

flateri: *O* fflyte falsched truly I had probation
 Before I learned it of you Symulation.

Symu- *T*hys was done of a set purpose(I dare say.)
 layson. But trust to it, I wyll be euen wryth you one day.

.igo? *T*o deceiue such one as is knowen deceivable
 Is no decepte,as by thee nowe it is probable
 All the worlde you deceiue(your colyn doth say
 Thynkyng it not possible to: deceiue you any way
 Than I heryng that you weare so conyng in deceyt
 To deceiue you agayne,a tyme I dyd wayte.
 Lo here see,he that to deceiue al hys nind doth c
 By some meane is deceiued hym selfe at the last

flateri: *B*ut me in no fault colyn I you desyre,
 for Rigor so to dreyd me instantly requyre.
 I trust colyn that you wyll forgo me for this once
 For I wil do no more so I warrat you by these bones
 I forger you as chycken men then warber.

The cruell Debter.

til they spy a time to do one shrewd turne for another
Hange me if I wayte not for you a knauysh toborche
yea, or it shall cost me all that is in my powche,

A vengeance on you for workyng of the same,
for you haue almost made my armes and back lame.

God requyrezeth no more but a penytent harte.

flateri

Whary but he wolde requyre more if he felt sinarte.

Symu-

Here entreteth Ophilettis.

latyon.

Peace, no more words; ponder cometh a gentlemā.

Rygoz.

By Iesu I wyll be euen wyth you both if I can.

Symu-

Do what thou canst, I set not by thee a louse.

Rygoz.

It is a gentleman of kyng Basileus house,

flateri

He is not in; ry, some thyng wythout doubt is amysse

If thou wyllt be still you shal know what the cause is.

Let vs semble our selues to be persons of grauytte.

Rygoz.

I could fynd in my harte to dysclose your knauytie,

Symu-

By my faryth if I knew my selfe to scape harinelesse

latyon.

I wold declare (to your shame) all your wickidnesse.

We may be glad at the harte verely

Rygoz.

That thou art as farrre furth as we in knauery,

Wherefore if any of our seates thou wyllt dysclose,
the worst payne & shame shal light on thy owne nose.

A good Lord, I am vndone and all myne,

I haue lyued lyke a gentleman all my lyfe,

Ophile

But now I am lyke to come to vtter ruine

tis.

yea, and all my goods, chylidren and wyfe:

He that wolde hange me, or byll me wyth a knyfe

I wold for geue hym yea, euen wyth a good wyll,

for I am not worthe so much as an Oyster shell.

The hygher that any man presuneth to clyme

The sozer is bys hurte whan he chaunceth to fall,

wolde to god that I had loked vpon this in tyme,

Thy had I not ben so miserable and thral:

The cruell Debiter.

I had not the grace to be wyse and polypcail,
I neuer mynded to gather any good or treasure
Quely my harte was set to lyue in pleasure.
I thought my selfe so much in fauour wryth the kynge
Trustring in hys goodnes onely from day to day,
Euer thynckynge that I should want nothyng
And also impossyble that euer I should decay,
I spent styl, borrowed of the king, promysynge to pay,
But now Proffiticus hath sumoned me to a compte,
And alas, my debtes do all my goods surmount.

Mygoz. **C**Syr here you not: thys is a fyt mater for vs,
Speke amonge your selves a good way of.

If we had imagined amonge vs a whole pere,
We could not haue such a thyng against Basileus
As we haue occasyon now in thys man here,
Basileus loueth none of vs it doth wel appere,
And as it semeth by thys mans behauour,
Unto hym he oweth no very great fauour.

flateri. **N**ow to talke wryth hym is a tyme conueynent,
For any man being in sorow and desolation,
To here good counsell wyll be glad and dilygent,
Namely in a mater of peryll and dubyation.

Symon. **L**et vs go vnto hym, and by hys communication
latyon. We shall know more, and then as we do in him see
So in our counsell frendly to hym we wyll bee.

Mygoz. **G**od spede you sit, & you ar welcome into this place
By my faith you are welcome as my harte can thinke
Alack, you are not mery (it semeth by your face,)
Wyll it please you a cup of good wyne to drynke?
Wyll it please you to go to the goodwife of the clinker
To speke of good wyne, in London I dare say
Is no better wyne than thear was once to day.

flateri. **Q**uoniam autem defatigato, magnum robur vinum auget.

The cruell Debtters

It was tyme to haue in a redynes all thyng
for yonder cometh Basileus my Lord and kynge. Ophile-
tis.
As far as we can let vs stande asyde,
Till he sendeth for you let vs yonder abyde. Rigoz.
I thank you pronicus for your diligence. Basile-
Doubt you not, but your paynes we will recompence us.
I am pleased wth the accomptes that you haue taken,
None of your bookes nor bylles shalbe forsaken
The mosse parte of my debtters haue honestly payed
They that were not redy I haue gently daved.
If plese your grace we haue not finisht your mind Pronic-
cheat is one of your greatest debtters yet behind, ticus.
We haue perused the parcelles in your bookes set,
And we fynd hym ten thousand talents in your debt,
So we assigned hym before your grace to come
And to make a rekenyng for the whole sume.
I wene it be that vnthyrsty fellow Ophiletis. Bass.
Yea truly, if it lyke your grace the same it is, Pronic-
I comaunded hym to be redy here in place ticus.
That we myght brynge hym before your grace.
Wth all humylytie I wolde haue hym sought Bass.
And before myne owne presence to be brought.
I percepue that he is euen here at hand, Pronic.
I see that in a redynes yonder he doth stand.
Cause him before vs in his owne person to appere. Basile.
It shall not be longe before he be here. Pronic.
Plucke vp your heart and be of good chere, Rigoz.
I care not I warent you, good fortune is nere.
Ophiletis it is the kyng Basileus comaundement Pronic-
That you come before hys maiesty now incontinent. ticus.
I am in a redynes truly wth all humylytie Ophile-
To come into the presence of hys maiesty. tis.
I pray you speke a good word for him to y^e kyng. Rigoz.

The

The Cruell debiter.

- Proni. **H**e knoweth that I am hys owne in all thyng.
- Ophile
tis. **G**od saue your lyfe the fountayne of nobilitie,
All haile the very patron of Magnanymitie,
Blessed be you the author of all worthynes,
Honour & prayse to you the head sprynge of goodnes.
- Rigoz. **O** most myghty, most valyant and noble kynge
God saue you, god saue you, of all vertue the sprynge.
- Bast. **W**hom hast thou brought into our presence wth thee.
- Ophile. **I**f it lyke your grace, hys name is Humyltye.
- Rigoz. **H**ea, from hys harte I am neuer absent,
Nor I thynke neuer shalbe by hys intent.
- Bastile
us. **I**n our accomptes take by our stuard you do knowe
What a sum of money vnto vs you do owe.
Haue you brought hether sufficient payement
To make your compte, after our commaundement.
- Ophile
tis. **O** syr, I beseeche you to be mercifull to mee,
for I knowledg my selfe so farre in your debt to bee
That all that I haue is not sufficient
Of a quarter of my debtes to make payement.
- Rigoz. **W**epe, body of god can you not wepe for a neede
You must loke pyteously if you intende to speede,
If you can not wepe, I wyll wepe for you:
Ho, he, ho, I pray you be good to vs now.
- Proni. **W**hat meane you in this place to play such a pater.
- Rigoz. **O** syr, I declare the effect of this mans meke hart.
- Bastile
us. **T**heat is no more of the mater but onely thys,
Thou art a ryotous person (doubtles Ophyletis,)
Wyde and presumptuous hereto haue thee brought,
Much to spend and lash out, was euer thy thought,
A sumptuous table thou woldest keepe euery day,
Beyond thy degree thou dydest excede in aray.
- Rigoz. **T**hat I may speke one word, please it your maiesty.
- Bast. **S**ay whatsoeuer you wyll, we geue you liberty.

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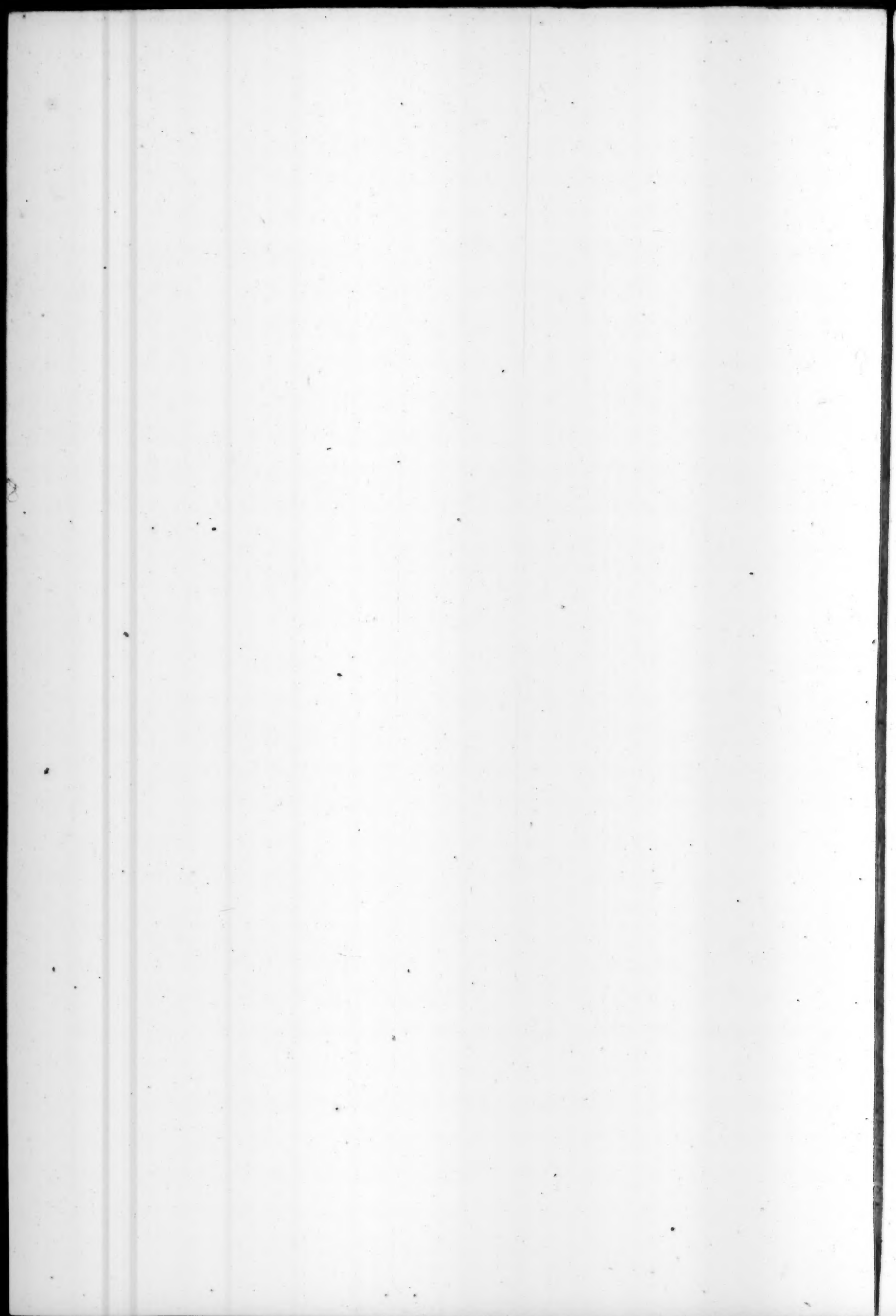
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"¶ Com ouer the Boorne, Besse,
My litle pretie Besse,
Com ouer the Boorne, besse, to me,"

of which Shakspeare has put the last line into Edgar's mouth in *King Lear*, III. vi. 27.

✓ Wager's third play, "Tis good Sleeping in a whole Skin," is said to have been destroyed by Warburton's servant (Hazlitt's *Handbook*.)

The Personages of *The Cruell Debttor* shown in the 3 leaves are 6:—

Rigor	Symulatyon	King Basileus, and
Flateri	Ophiletis	Proniticus his minister.

Flateri has been to King Basileus's Palace, in hope of finding a home there, but was at once exposd, and obliged to leave. His friend—who seems to have been Rigor's too—advise him to go to some other folk of whom he and Rigor have talkt; so they agree to go together, after first banging the false knave Symulatyon, who was also to join Flateri in his journey.

On the lost leaf, C 4, Symulatyon has evidently had his banging, as on leaf D his arms and back are almost made lame. Then to the three companions enters Ophiletis, a gentleman of King Basileus's house, ruind by extravagant living, and now not worth an oyster-shell. He is deeply in debt to the King, 10,000 talents, and has been summond by Proniticus to pay.

The next leaf is unsignd, but cannot well be later than D 4. In it, Ophiletis is brought before King Basileus, acknowledges his indebtedness, prays for mercy, and is reprovd. He tells Basileus, that Rigor who intercedes for him, is Humylytie, so that in the lost leaves the four comrades Rigor, Flateri, Symulatyon, and Ophiletis must have got up some plot to deceive Basileus.

¶ All the leaves are in couplets, except a page and a third of D, which are in 7. line stanzas. These are the most general forms of verse in early plays, though in some the metre varies very much. In the first two volumes of Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, the metre of the plays is mainly as follows¹:—

¹ The rymes have been often spoilt by careless modernization, as *Ind*, ryming with *find*, is printed *India*, i. 27, 31 foot, 162; *lere*, ryming with *ferre*, is printed *learn*, i. 36; *be*, i. 178, is printed *been*; *forlore*, i. 172, is made *forlorn*; *benevolous*, ryming with *plentuous*, *gracions*, is emended into *benevolence*, i. 306; *then until*, ryming with *fill*, i. 318, is emended into *until then*. Bible names ryming in *e*, Mesopotamie, Beersabe, &c. appear with *a*, i. 305, 308, 309, 312, 313, &c.

vol. i.

The Four Elements, 1519. Sixes (mainly), 7s, and a few 8s.

Calisto and Meliban, 1520. Sevens throughout.

Every Man, ab. 1520. Couplets, with alternates, 3s, 6s, 7s, 8s, &c.

Hiskscorner, ab. 1520-30. Couplets, with 3s, 4s, 5s, 6s, 7s, 8s, 9s, 10s, &c.

Jn. Heywood's *Pardoner and Friar*, wr. bf. 1521; pr. April 1533. Couplets, with alternates, &c.

The World and the Child, July 1522. Eights, with alternates, &c., many linkt to their followers, *cc, cd; ee, ef; gg, gh, &c.*

Jn. Bole's *God's Promises*, 1538. Sevens (mainly).

Jn. Heywood's *Four Ps*, ab. 1540. Couplets.

Thersites, Aug. 12, 1537; pr. after 1561. Couplets, Prologue in 7s.

vol. ii.

Interlude of Youth, 1554. Couplets.

Lusty Juventus, 1547-53. Sevens (mainly: some linkt), 6s, 4s, 2s.

Jack Juggler, 1562-3. Couplets. Prol. and Epil. in 7s.

Nice Wanton, 1560. Couplets. Prologue in 6s.

History of Jacob and Esau. Couplets.

T. Ingelend's *Disobedient Child*, ab. 1560. Alternates and couplets.

Marriage of Wit and Science, 1570. Couplets. Prol. three 8s.

Shakspere's occasional stanzas in his dialogues, his irregular metre in *Love's Labour's Lost*, &c., are, I suppose, due to these early interludes. The first of the Digby Mysteries is written wholly in stanzas, like other Mysteries are, more or less.

My thanks are due to Mr W. B. Scott for his permission to print his 2 leaves, and to Mr. E. W. Gosse for kindly copying them.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

7 March, 1878.

The Cruell Debtter (C. iii.)

[Rigor]

With them thou shalt be welcome I warant the,
 Ha, and in great acceptacyon also (sayd hee.)
 Now the thyng whearfore I was so angry & mad,
 Was thys, I forgate the counsell that off him I had.

Flateri.

¶ The goodlyest thing in the world is communication
 For what bryngeth thynges to our memeratyon
 Thou and I had lyke fortune with Basileus,
 After that maner to thee I wyll playnly dyscusse :
 I remembred a sayenge of Seneca in a Tragedy,
 Worthy to be prynted of such as loues Flattery
Frans sublimi regnat in aula

The higher that the court is & the more of nobyltye,
 The more falsehed is thearin, the more Iniquytie,
 More flattery is not in the worlde reygnyng
 Then is in the courte of any noble kynge.

Now Basileus is a kynge of most honoration
 In whose house I thought to haue my habytacyon,
 But I came not so sone wythin Basileus Palace,
 But they dyclosed me openly vnto my face,
 And whan they had once so bewrayed my name
 I myght no lenger tary in that court for shame,
 Than (as thou dyddest) I toke my freyndes counsell
 Askyng hym wheare it was best for me to dwell
 He named them of whom we haue spoke before
 Sayeng, that wyth them you may dwell euermore.
 And euen now my purpose was to go thither.

Rigor.

¶ Of all good fellowshyp let vs go together.
 I do not passe in kynge Basileus house to dwell
 I doubt not but that we shall do euen as well :
 But syen, what diddest thou see Symulation ?

Flateri.

¶ Thys day he and I had communication
 He promysed me straight way to come hether
 [To visite] our freyndes we shuld go together

The Cruell Debttter.

In the worlde is not so false a knaue as hee,
 For by hym all states of people deceyued bee.
 In Byshops and pastors he is humylitie
 And yet must be full of pryde and crudelytie :
 In all the Clergy he semeth to be holynes,
 Whan in them is a multytude of wyckednes.
 In Magystrates he semeth to be Affabylltie,
 Yet theare lurketh dysdayne and Austerytie
 In the commons he semeth to be neyghbourlynes,
 Yet is theare enuye, hate, and coueytousnes.

I dare say that hys deceyte further doth wander
 Than all the domynyon of kynge Alexander.

¶ Deceyueth he so, and is neuer deceyued agayne ?

Rigor.

¶ Sildome or neuer that I here of, I tel thee plaine.

Flateri

¶ By the masse it were a good deede to deceyue him

Rigor.

And I will tell thee which way we may do it trym
 Thou sayest *that* he will be here without doubt to day ?

¶ That is wythout question, (truly I dare say.)

Flateri.

¶ Well, whan he commeth, we wyll semble out to fall,
 we wil strike one at another as though we did brawl
 What we meane by that he wyll greatly wonder,
 Than he wyll come intending vs to sunder :

Rigor.

Thou shalt stryke at me, and I at thee wyll swacke

But let all the strypes lyght vpon hys backe.

¶ Of good fellowship let it be so even indede

Flateri.

Let the siblyng knaue haue somewhat for his mede,

Harke, by my fayth & trouth I here hym spyt :

Begyn
to fight

Nay holde thy hande, thou mayst not fyght yet.

¶ We must be fyghtyng when he doth enter neades
 Or els for the sporte I wyll not geue two thredes.

Rigor.

¶ Here enter Symylatyon.

¶ *Dominus vobiscum, In principio erat verbum.*

Symulatyon.

Yea? are you fyghtyng? I purpose no nere to cum.

Nemo tute se periculis offerre potese.

The cruell Debtter.

[Symu-
latyon]

til they spy a time to do one shrewd turne for another
 Hange me if I wayte not for you a knauysh towche
 Yea, or it shall cost me all that is in my powche,
 A vengeance on you for working of the same,
 For you haue almost made my armes and back lame.

Flateri.

¶ God requyreth no more but a penytent harte.

Symu =
latycn.

¶ Mary but he wolde requyre more if he felt smarte.

Here entreth Ophiletis.

Rygor.

¶ Peace, no more words, yonder commeth a gentleman.

Symu.

¶ By Jesu I wyll be euen wyth you both if I can

Rigor.

¶ Do what thou canst, I set not by thee a louse.

Flateri.

¶ It is a gentleman of kyng Basileus house,

He is not mery, some thyng without doubt is amysse
 If thou wylt be stil you shal know what the cause is.

Rigor.

¶ Let us semble ourselues to be persons of grauytie.

Symu=
latyon.

¶ I could fynd in my harte to dysclose your knauitie,
 By my fayth if I knew my selfe te scape harmelesse
 I wold declare (to your shame) all your wickednesse.

Rygor.

¶ We may be glad at the harte verely

That Thou art as farre furth as we in knauery,
 Whearfore if any of our feates thou wylt dysclose,
 the worst payne & shame shal light on thy owne nose.

Ophile
tis.

¶ I good Lord, I am vndone and all myne, [7 line st.]

I have lyued lyke a gentleman all my lyfe,
 But now I am lyke to come to vtter ruine
 Yea, and all my goods, chyldren and wyfe :
 He that wolde hange me, or kyll me with a knyfe
 I wolde forgeue hym, yea, even wyth a good wyll,
 For I am not worthe so much as an Oyestershyll.
 The hygher that any man presumeth to clyme
 The sorer is hys hurte whan he chauꝝceth to fall,
 Wolde to god that I had loked upon this in tyme,
 Then had I not ben so myserable and thrall :

The cruell Debtter.

I had not the grace to be wyse and polytycall,
 I neuer mynded to gather any good or treasure
 Onely my harte was set to lyue in pleasure.
 I thought my selfe so much in favour wyth the kynge
 Trustyng in hys goodnes onely from day to day,
 Ever thynckyng that I should want nothyng
 And also impossyble that euer I should decay,
 I spent styll, borrowed of the king, promysyng to pay,
 But now Proniticus hath summoned me to a compte,
 And alas, my debtes do all my good surmount.

¶ Syrs here you not? thys is a fyt mater for us,
 Spoke amonge your selves a good way of.

Rygor.

If we had imagined amonge vs a whole yere,
 We could not haue such a thyng against Basileus
 As we haue occasyon now in thys man here,
 Basileus loueth none of vs it doth well appere,
 And as it seemeth by thys mans behauour,
 Unto hym he oweth no very great fauour.

¶ Now to talke wyth hym is a tyme conuenient,
 For any man being in sorow and desolation,
 To here good counsell wyll be glad and dylygent,
 Namely in a mater of peryll and dubytation.

Flateri.

¶ Let vs go vnto hym, and by hys communication
 We shall know more, and then as we do in him see
 So in our counsell freyndly to hym we wyll bee.

Symu-
latyon.

¶ God spede you sir, & you ar welcome into this place
 By my faith you are welcome as my harte can thinke
 Alack, you are not mery (it seemeth by your face,)
 Wyll it please you a cup of good wyne to drynke?
 Wyll it please you to go to the goodwyfe of the clinke¹?
 To speke of good wyne, in London I dare say

Rigor.

Is no better wyne than thear was once to day.

¶ *Viro ducem defatigato, magnum robur vinum auget.*

Flateri.

¹ Prison on Bankside, Southwark.

The cruell Debtter.

- Ophiletis. ¶ It was tyme to haue in a redynes all thynges.
For yonder commeth Basileus my Lord and kynge.
- Rygor. ¶ As far as we can let vs stande asyde,
Tyll he sendeth for you let vs yonder abyde.
- Basileus. ¶ I thanke you proniticus for your dylygence
Doubt you not, but your paynes we wyll recompence
I am pleased with the accomptes that you have taken,
None of your bookes nor bylles shalbe forsaken
The moste parte of my debtters have honestly payed
And they that were not redy I have gently dayed
- Proniticus. ¶ If it plesse your grace we haue not finisht your mind
Thear is one of your greatest debtters yet behind,
We haue perused the parcelles in your bookes set,
And we fynd hym ten thousand talents in your debt,
So we assygned hym before your grace to come
And to make a rekenyng for the whole summe.
- Basi. ¶ I wene it be that vnthryfty fellow Ophilitis
- Proniticus. ¶ Yea truly, if it lyke your grace the same it is,
I commaunded hym to be redy here in place
That we myght brynge hym before your grace.
- Easy. ¶ Wyth [¹]tytie I wolde haue hym sought
And before myne owne presence to be brought.
- Proni. ¶ I perceyue that he is euen here at hand,
I see that in a redynes yonder he doth stand.
- Basile. ¶ Cause him before vs in his owne person to appere.
- Proni. ¶ It shall not be longe before he be here.
- Rigor. ¶ Plucke vp your heart and be of good chere.
I care not I warent you, good fortune is nere.
- Proni-
ticus. ¶ Ophiletis it is the kyng Basileus commaundement
That you come before hys maiesty now incontinent.
- Ophile-
tis. ¶ I am in a redynes truly with all humylytie
To come into the presence of hys maiestie.
- Rigor. ¶ I pray you syr speke a good word for him to y^e king

¹ Here the surface of the paper has been rubbed away.

¶ He

The Cruell debttter.

- ¶ He knoweth that I am hys owne in all thynges. Proni.
- ¶ God saue your lyfe the fountayne of nobilitie,
All hayle the very patron of Magnanymytie,
Blessed be you the author of all worthynes,
Honour & prayse to you the head sprynge of goodnes.
- ¶ O most myghty, most valyant and noble kynge Rigor
God saue you, god saue you, of all vertue the sprynge.
- ¶ whom hast thou brought into our presence with thee? Basi.
- ¶ If it lyke your grace, hys name is Humylytie. Ophi.
- ¶ Yea, from hys hatte I am neuer absent, Rigor.
Nor I thyнке neuer shalbe by hys intent.
- ¶ In our accomptes taken by our stuard you do know Basile =
What a sum of money vnto vs you do owe. us.
Haue you brought hether suffycient payment
To make your compte, after our commaundemente
- ¶ O syr, I besече you to be mercyfull to mee, Ophile
For I knowledg my selfe so farre in your debt to bee tis.
That all that I haue is not suffycient
Of a quarter of my debtes to make payment.
- ¶ Weepe, body of god can you not weepe for a neede? Rigor.
You must loke pyteously if you intende to speede,
If you can not weepe, I wyll weepe for you : Speke
Ho, ho, ho, I pray you be good to vs now. asyde.
- ¶ What meane you in this place to play such a parte? Proni.
- ¶ O syr, I declare the effect of this mans weke hart. Rigor.
- ¶ Thear is no more of the mater but onely thys, Basile =
Thou art a ryotous person (doubtles Ophyletis,) us.
Pryde and presumtyon hereto haue thee brought,
Much to spend and lash out, was euer thy thought,
A sumptuous table thou woldest keepe euery day;
Beyonde thy degree thou dydest excede in aray.
- ¶ that I may speke one word, please it your maiesty? Rygor.
- ¶ Say whatsoeuer you wyll, we geue you lyberty. Basy.
- ¶ Hys



